



The Tale of the Never-Ending Porridge Pot



In a tiny village, nestled among lush green trees, lived a poor but kind-hearted little girl named Lily with her loving mother. Their life was simple and happy, but they often found themselves with barely enough to eat.

One day, as Lily wandered through the enchanted forest in search of food, she stumbled upon an ancient, wise woman who seemed to appear out of thin air. Sensing Lily's pure heart and the struggles she and her mother faced, the wise woman handed her a small, ordinary-looking pot. But this was no ordinary pot! It was a magical pot that could cook delicious, sweet porridge on command.

"Whenever you're hungry," the old woman explained, "simply say 'Cook, little pot, cook,' and the pot will fill with the tastiest porridge. And when you've had enough, just say 'Stop, little pot,' and it will cease to cook."

Ecstatic, Lily thanked the wise woman and rushed home to show her mother. With the magic words, "Cook, little pot, cook," the pot bubbled to life, filling their home with the sweet aroma of warm porridge. For the first time in a long while, Lily and her mother ate to their heart's content.

However, one day, while Lily was out exploring the forest, her mother, craving the delightful porridge, said the magic words. She relished each spoonful, feeling grateful for the magical gift. But alas! She had forgotten the words to make it stop. The pot continued to cook, and soon, porridge was spilling over the edges, flooding the kitchen!

In panic, Lily's mother tried every phrase she could think of, but the pot just wouldn't stop. The porridge flowed like a river, filling the house, then spilling into the streets, threatening to engulf the entire village in a sea of sweet, sticky porridge!

The villagers, bewildered and alarmed, watched as their homes were slowly swallowed by the porridge tide. Just when all hope seemed lost, and only one house remained untouched, Lily returned. Instantly realizing what had happened, she exclaimed, "Stop, little pot," and to everyone's relief, the pot ceased its cooking.

The village was now a labyrinth of porridge! People had to eat their way through to get back home. It was a peculiar sight, with everyone joining in the feast, laughing and sharing stories, turning a disaster into a celebration.

From that day on, Lily and her mother were more cautious with their magical pot, but they were always willing to share their endless porridge with anyone in need. And thus, the little pot not only fed them but also brought the entire village closer together, creating bonds of friendship and joy.